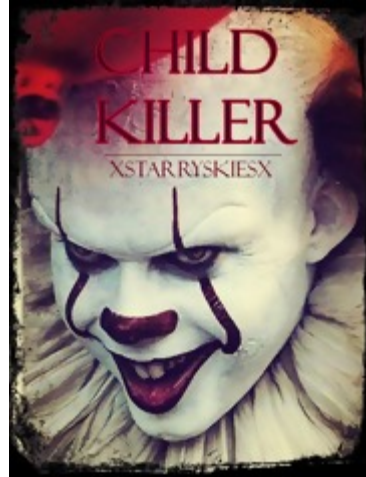




Child Killer (Pennywise) by xXStarSightsXx

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Summary: IT killed the children of Derry for food, IT caused hundreds of kids to go missing. IT loved making us all fear IT. Including me, but there was no way I would let it take me, my friends, or my brother. I was going to protect them as much as I could. But sometimes, things just don't go as planned and you lose the people you love most to a monster.

1. Chapter 1

I grip the handle of my baseball bat harder, a frown on my face as I glare angrily at the annoying, smirking face of Henry Bowers.

"What do you want?" I ask, placing my hand on my hip as I tapped the wooden bat onto my shoulder. He shrugs, stepping a bit closer with an evil glint in his eyes. "Just wanted to talk, something wrong with that, *sweetheart*?" He says mockingly.

"I'm not too interested in talking to you, Bowers," I retort, digging into the pocket of my shorts for a gum packet. "Why not?" He asks in a bit of a growl, his smile still trying to come off as friendly. I swing my bat off my shoulder and let it hit the ground, making it obvious I was very irritated. "Maybe because you enjoy beating the shit out of people for no reason!" I yell, stuffing some gum into my mouth as I spin around and walk off. "Leave me be."

I hear him cursing me out from behind, I just roll my eyes. In one ear and out the other.

I just finished my baseball practice and found him waiting for me after. Bloody creep. No way in hell was I spending any quality time with that jerk. I look up at a sign and feel my heart sink a little.

Neibolt Street

The rusted sign read. I start walking again, I spit out my gum and start whistling while swinging my bat. I place my bat between my thighs for a second as I untie my dirty blonde hair from the high, uncomfortable pony-tail. I slip off the tie and let my long, dead straight hair cascade down my back.

I comb my long fingers through my locks, my eyes glancing up to look at the old, abandoned Neibolt house. I quiver slightly and continue walking past.

It's pretty quiet today, nobody is really around. Something I kept on spotting are the missing posters. Dozens of kids have been mysteriously going missing. It's scary. My mind drifts to my younger

sibling Michael. Michael is a big-mouthed fourteen year old with spiky light brown hair and light brown eyes. My names Melanie, sixteen years old. I have straight dirty-blonde hair with brown eyes. Luckily, I'm usually able to avoid bullying because people find me somewhat 'intimidating' I honestly don't know why. I'm short, only 5'2, but I am built from playing lots of sports and doing kickboxing. Maybe that's why.

As I'm walking, I spot a red balloon tied onto one of the posts holding many missing posters. I smile and knock at the balloon as I walk by it, but a surprised yelp leaves my mouth as it suddenly pops, letting out bright red confetti. My shock turns into a giggle as I wipe the confetti away from my clothing. "Cute," I bubbled with a smile.

"You think so?"

I feel the hair on the back of my neck rise with goosebumps as I hear a strange deep, yet childish voice behind me. I hesitantly turn around, a small gasp leaves my mouth. There stood a large 6'4 clown. His outfit looked old-fashioned, he had bright orange hair, yellow eyes, big red lips with two red streaks going over the eyes and in his hand he held an identical balloon. He made me feel tiny.

Despite being freaked out, I try to come off as friendly, "hello" I greet with a small wave and small grin. His already massive smile manages to stretch bigger as he waves back the same way I did. **"Hiya, Melanie!"** He sang back. I frown, taking a step back, "how do you know my name?" I ask, becoming uncomfortable.

He ignores my question and raises his hand with the balloon toward me. **"Balloon? Would you like one?"**

"You didn't answer my question and to answer yours, no," I spat, glaring at him.

"Aweeee," he pouts sarcastically **"I thought you said the balloons were cute?"** I shake my head. "No, really I'm good, I gotta get going," I state, spinning around, thinking whether I should run or not.

Then a squeak leaves my mouth as I feel a hard shove against my back, making me fall face-first into the ground hard. My bat slips out of my hand and rolls across the ground.

My nose felt like it was on fire, luckily it wasn't broken, but it was defiantly bleeding. I quickly place a hand over my pained nose as turn to yell at the dickhead. "What the hell!?" I shout, seeing the clown stand there, a smug look on his face. I crawl back as he steps forward and bends down. I try to scream, but he quickly clasps a hand over my mouth, giving my face a hard squeeze.

I grab onto his arm, trying to rip myself away. He gives me a sadistic grin and leans forward, placing his nose on mine, causing lots of pain as I shriek onto his hand. **"That was for being rude, little girl,"** He suddenly growls, pressing against my nose even harder. He then starts pouting and fake crying **"oh wahhhh wahhhh! Poor wittle Melanie's hurt wahhhh!"** He mockingly cries, but breaks the act and starts laughing.

He finally moves his head away and smiles evilly again. **"You better get home, Melanie, Michael's waiting for you."** He chuckles before aggressively shoving me away by the face. I fall onto my back before quickly getting to my feet and grabbing my bat. **"Oh! One more thing, Mel!"** I look up at him. **"I wanted to apologize for being so rude!"** He chirps. **"Not for your nose, if that's what you're thinking."** **"I just forgot to introduce myself do you, my dear!"** He exclaims, slapping a hand onto his forehead.

"My name is Pennywise the Dancing Clown! I truly do hope we meet again very soon, girlyyy" He boasts with a vicious grin.

I then spin around and sprint my way home, hearing his cruel laughter far behind me.

I almost break down the door as I burst through, still holding my nose that was running with blood like a tap. I slam the door shut and slide down it, panting heavily in exhaustion. I chuck my bat to the side and quickly get to the bathroom.

"Hey Mel!" My brother greets me, yelping as I rush past him, leaving droplets of the crimson liquid on the wooden floor. "What the!? Why are you bleeding!?" He blurts, patting my back as I turn on the tap and wash my nose. He runs off somewhere and I keep cleaning, watching the once white sink turn red.

"Here, take this!" My brother calls, stuffing a bunch of tissues into my hand. I turn the tap off and hold the tissues over my sore nose. "Thanks," hiss in pain. "What happened to you!?" he asks again, handing me more tissues. "I was just walking home and there was this clown, he tried giving me a balloon and when I said no, he got all pissy and pushed me."

"Wow, what an asshole," Michael says with a small cheeky smile. It wasn't funny. "This is serious!" I yell, sounding nasally. "He knew my name without me even telling him! He also knows you! How the hell does he know you!?" The smile on Michael's face drops instantly and he goes pale. "W-What?" He murmurs, becoming extremely freaked out.

"Fucking creep!" I grunt, walking out of the bathroom and into my bedroom, Michael following after me and jumping on my bed. "What are we gonna do?"

I shrug, unsure of what to do myself. "Should we call the police?" Michael shakes his head. "What's the point? They don't care, they'll think we're lying, plus they would want proof the clown guy did it."

I sigh. "Oh well, dad won't be back until late, again. You can sleep in here with me if you want. I'll lock everything up."

No way in hell was I gonna let some creepy clown in tonight.

***Hiiii, thanks for reading the first chapter, hope you enjoyed it!
Poor Melanie, Pennywise is too aggressive, the bastard lol.***

2. Chapter 2

I haven't slept at all tonight so far. I was too paranoid I would see the clown, it was already bad enough I hated being alone in the dark. Luckily, Michael wanted to sleep in my room tonight after what I told him. He slept at one end of the bed and I slept at the other, I didn't want him on the floor.

My tired brown eyes travel up to my clock, the time reading 11:47 pm. I sighed and turned onto my side, the only noise in the room is the soft and bearable snores of my brother. He was pretty adorable when he wasn't being so noisy all the time.

SSSSCCCAAATTCCHHH

My eyes went wide and I quickly sit up straight in my bed. A cringe goes down my spine as I hear a sharp scraping noise against my window. "Michael!" I whisper-yell, shaking his leg. "Michael, wake up, you doorknob!" I hiss, giving him a small punch on the leg. This woke him up, finally.

"What!?" He grunts in annoyance as he rubs his tired eyes. "I was having a nice dream" he mutters. "Do you hear that?" I whisper again, eyes staying on the curtain covered window. Michael's eyes travel over to the window, "I don't hear anything, just go back to be-" his sentence was cut short as he heard another one of the horrific scraping noises. "What the fuck!?" He exclaims.

We both jump off the bed and run to the door, I grab the handle and try pulling it open. "It's stuck!" I gasp, trying harder to pry it open, Michael trying to help as well.

A shriek leaves my mouth I hear the sharp noise of glass shattering. We both spin around to see a dark figure eerily stepping into the room through the broken window. The wind suddenly became strong, blowing around the curtains and making our hair dance around wildly.

I look down at Michael, he's in complete shock. I step in front of him, grabbing my baseball bat and holding it forward threateningly. I feel

Michael cling to the back of my long nightshirt.

"Hey kiddies!" It was the clown! The lights flicker as take long strides toward us. His gloves were ripped up, no longer looking like normal hands. They were dark, scaly and stretched into long claws. I feel myself quiver.

He grins and smells the air, **"ah, there it is, that wonderful smell."** I scowl as a long strand of drool drips from his mouth. "What the hell are you doing here!?" I yell, clenching my teeth and tightening my grip on the bat.

"Just feeling a bit on the... hungry side," he chuckles, still walking toward us tauntingly. "What the fuck!?" Michael screams from behind me. Pennywise giggles at this, **"tsk tsk, that's some foul language on you, young man,"** he wags his finger at us.

"I'll just have to fix that," He states before fucking jumping at us!

I scream at the top of my lungs and I swing the bat as hard as I can, my eyes snap open as I feel it stop mid-air. The clown managed to grab it. He rips it out of my hands with ease and throws it behind him.

"Michael run!" I yell, grabbing him and keeping him behind me as I push him forward, away from the clown. We barely manage to dodge as he takes a swipe at us. He starts laughing insanely. Michael jumps onto the bed and climbs over it while I grab one of my softball bats. I turn around and swing it, hitting the clown across the face. **"Michael! get out the window and get the neighbours!"** I yell, continuing to hit the clown.

He nods and runs for the window. I feel my stomach drop as Pennywise chases after him, ignoring me. **"No!"** I call, seeing him grab Michael and pulling him back. **"Leave him alone, you bastard!"** I shout, bumping into the clown with my shoulder and swinging the softball bat at him again.

Michael escapes his grasp. I hear him growl deeply, grabbing me with a bone-breaking grip. I cry out as he throws me across the room.

"You annoying little-!" He stops as Michael throws a soccer ball at the back of his head. "Get away from my sister!" He screams. "Michael don't!" I try getting back up, ignoring the various parts of my body that ached. Pennywise corners Michael and grabs him by the neck, lifting him up against the wall.

"Heheheheheuahuah! I'll eat you first, then your big sister!" He grins, spitting all over my brother. My eyes widen and I rush at the clown, **"ah ah ahhh! Not so fast, little lady!"** He laughs, swiping at me and scratching me across the face. I fall back, my head hitting the leg of the bed. I hiss, feeling the deep claw marks across my cheek.

"Please don't hurt him!" I cry out, tears not running down my face. The clown looks down at me with boredom, **"do you really think you'll persuade me to not eat your little brother?"** He asks, raising a brow at me. **"I could always eat you first though, if you want. I don't mind and I don't judge, food is food."**

What the hell did he mean by eat!? Why was he calling us food!?

He drops my brother and stalks toward me, a hideous smile forming on his face. He bends down and grabs my face in a similar way he did when I was walking home. He leans forward toward the crook of my neck. More tears run down my face as he smells me. **"Feeaarr"** he moans, drool dripping onto me as he pulls himself back.

My eyes start widening in pure terror as his teeth begin growing long and sharp, his mouth stretching open and his eyes rolling back in a similar way a sharks would. I start screaming and kicking at him, my brother coughing weakly in the corner, tears rolling down his face as he tried standing.

"Michael, Melanie!?"

The clown stops, his face slowly morphing back to normal. It was our dad. The clown takes his eyes away from the door and glares down at me. **"I'll be back for you two!"** He growls before disappearing into thin air.

"Dad! Dad!" We both start screaming, running to the door which was suddenly unlocked. We bump into him as we run down the hall. "You

need to call the police! There was a clown in our room! He tried to eat us!" Michael screams, both of us clinging to our very confused father.

He rushes forward, entering our room. "He smashed the window and everything!" I cry, wiping away at the waterfall of tears coming from my eyes. Our dad walks back out, an annoyed and tired look on his face. "What are you two on about? The room is completely fine." I tilt my head. "W-What?" I murmur in disbelief. He steps aside, letting Michael and I walk in ourselves.

He was completely right.

The room was fine, nothing thrown around, the window wasn't broken, and there was no glass anywhere. Michael and I look at each other. "T-This is impossible..." Michael snuffles.

"B-But what about the scratch on my face?!" I piped, turning my head to let my dad look. "What scratch? There's nothing there." Michael looks at me "what!? Dad why can't you see it!?" I look into my mirror. It was defiantly still there. Why couldn't he see anything?

"Are two cheeky monkeys just trying to scare me?" Our dad beams, ruffling both our hair. "Just go to bed, you two. I'm quite tired tonight." Our dad walks back down the hall to his room. "I'm not sleeping in there tonight, nope, no way!" Michael says, shaking his head. "Same, no way in hell," I agree. "Let's go to the lounge room, we'll just stay in there all night." With that, I quickly sprint into the room, grab the pillows and blankets and run back out.

It was going to be a very long night

3. Chapter 3

It was the next morning, and I was exhausted. Michael and I didn't sleep at all, thankfully it was summer holidays. I just laid there, thinking about what happened last night. I couldn't get that clown off my mind.

Those deranged, evil yellow eyes that bored deeply into my eyes. "I need to go outside," I mutter to myself finally getting off the couch. Maybe I could hang with some friends today. I go to the bathroom and turn on the shower, I really needed one to help freshen up and start the day.

I stare at the claw marks on my face, luckily it wasn't as deep as I thought it was.

After the room warms up with fog from the shower I strip all my clothes off and hop in.

"Melanie, I'm going to hang out with some friends," I hear Michael say from behind the door. "Wait until I'm ready, I'm not letting you walk alone," I reply while rubbing shampoo into my hair.

He sighs, "Okay, I'll just wait in the kitchen and have breakfast."

I finish in the shower and dry my hair. I quickly wrap a towel around my body and step outside to grab some clothes from my bedroom.

I decided to make it simple and grab a baggy grey singlet and a black crop top to wear underneath. Then I pull on some black jean shorts and black sneakers. I leave my hair down and clip on the necklace my mother gave me years ago. I wear it pretty much everywhere.

It is a layered necklace, two chains. The small one had a heart charm while the longer one has a cross. I walk out of the room and into the kitchen.

"Ready to go?" I asked, swinging the front door keys on my index finger. Michael nods, swallowing his mouth-full of cereal.

We were both about to leave, but I wanted to get my bat, I felt safer

with it.

We both walk around town for a while until we find Michael's group of friends.

"See ya later, Mel!" He beams, waving me off before spinning around and running off with his mates. I grin and nod at him, spinning around myself to try finding one of my friends.

"You still got that little bat with you?" My eyes roll without me even realizing. "What do you want Bowers?" I mumbled, turning to face him, becoming a tad bit nervous when I saw his friends were with him.

Much to my disgust, he makes contact with me by rudely grabbing my face and tilting my head to the side roughly. "What the hell happened here? Cat got you?" I slap his hand away and step back. "It's none of your business, Bowers."

"You should start calling me by my first name, it's Henry, Sweetheart" he chuckles along with his friends. "I'll call you whatever I like, dickface, especially when you have the nerve to call my brother every name under the sun!" I snapped back.

"You have a brother?" He asks in confusion. "Yes! Michael Ballatori! I'm Melanie Ballatori!" I hiss.

His confusion turned into a scowl, you're related to fucking Michael!?" I nod with a glare, "yeah, and if you keep picking on him, I'll beat the shit out of you myself!" I warned, lifting my bat up slightly.

He stares at me for a bit before bursting out into laughter, his cruddy friends joining in.

Bastards!

Without thinking about the consequences I send my fist flying into Henry's stomach. That shut him up quickly. His eyes go wide as he doubles over. He grunts and slowly stands back up.

I realized what I just did and all the cockiness on my face

disappeared. I back away with my hands lifted up in surrender.

"Woah, I-I'm sorry Henry, I-I just got really mad-"He glares at me, still holding his stomach.

"Fucking bitch, get her!" He demands, pointing at me.

Shit.

I bolt out of there, hearing their footsteps not too far behind. "I'm gonna fucking skin you alive, slut!" Ouch, harsh insults. I continue sprinting, as I turn a corner I bump into a group of kids my brother's age.

"Woah, woah, woah, fucking careful!" the kids with glasses barks.

"You better pray to God I don't fucking catch you!" All the kids gasp. "Is H-H-Henry Bowers after y-you!?" One of the taller kids ask with a stutter. I nod.

"Here, hide in the alleyway, we'll help you!" A red-haired girl says, grabbing my arm and dragging me behind a large dumpster. "Stay here, we'll tell you when to come out!" I nod again, too scared to even talk.

"Where did she go!?" I hear Henry yell. "Hey, it's the Losers Club! Have you losers seen some bitch running by here!?"

"Y-yeah, she ran d-d-down that way," one of the kids say. Henry and his group don't say anything and continue running off.

I exhale in relief, I was safe for now.

"Hey, you! The coast is clear" I hear one of them whisper yell. I slowly creep out from the alleyway and toward the group. "Wow, you guys are awesome," I pant, my legs aching from running. They chuckle before one gets serious.

"Thanks, but why the hell was Henry after you?" I can't help but let a small chuckle leave my mouth. "I, uh... punched him in the stomach?" I say nervously. Two of the kids, the one with glasses and the short one, both burst out laughing.

"Wow! Nice job!" The red-head girl grins, patting my shoulder. "What's your name?" She asks. "I'm Melanie Ballatori" I grin, holding my hand out to shake all of theirs.

"Oh yeah! I recognize that name from anywhere, are you Michaels older sister? I'm Richie, by the way," Richie asks as he shakes my hand enthusiastically. "Yeah, do you guys know him?" Some of them nod. "Yeah, he's pretty cool."

They all start introducing themselves to me.

The stuttering one is Bill, the gorgeous red-haired girl is Beverly, the adorable chubby one is Ben, the short one is Eddie, the one with glasses is Richie, the Jewish one is Stan and the last one is Mike.

"I really appreciate what you guys did for me before, I'll bake all something, even though I'm garbage at baking."

"I gotta get going, I'll see you guys around, kay?" I beam kindly. "Defiantly, make brownies please!" Richie calls. I nod and give them all a thumbs up before walking off happily.

It's been around fifteen to twenty minutes when I finally get to the spot. My friends and I usually meet each other on this road next to the woods. There's a wooding fencing on the side and I'll see some of them leaning by there most of the time.

A grin forms on my face as I spot one of my friends, Lillian, leaning against the fence smoking. I jog over. "Hey!" Her blue eyes slowly wander over to me and she pulls the cigarette away from her pink lips. "Where the fuck have you been? I feel like I haven't seen you in ages!" She exclaims, catching me in a tight hug.

"Sorry, some stuff happened a-"

"Holy shit, what happened here!?" She gasps, staring at the wound on my cheek. "My brother and I got attacked last night." She lets out another loud gasp and grabs my shoulder, "shit sweets, are you okay? What about lil' Michael!?"

"We're both fine, Lilli, don't worry about it. Where's everyone else?" I ask, trying to change the subject. She takes another drag "they're down there, went to see the sewers. We wanted to go exploring." She

grabs another cigarette from her packet and hands it over to me, "want one?" I shake my head with a frown, "come on, Lilli, you know how I feel about cigs, I'm never gonna have one." She chuckles, "chill, I'm just joking around with ya'." She says, fixing her raven hair.

"Well, it's not funny!" I suddenly bark, her smile disappearing. I tuck a strand of hair behind my ear and look at the ground. "You know about my mother, right. You know why I'll never do it." I hear her shove the packet back into her pocket and sigh.

"I'm sorry, Mel. That was a dick move of me," she apologizes. I give her a crooked smile "don't worry about it, let's just go see where everyone else is."

Lillian leads me down safely and toward the area everyone else was.

"Hey bitches!" Lillian yells, causing them to jump. "Lillian! What have I told you about the swearing?" Claire blurts with a glare. Claire is a short, thin brown-eyed blonde. She was brought up Christian and her parents were pretty strict with swearing and such.

"Don't do that! Trying to give us a bloody heart attack my God!" Tess whines, tightening her dark hair in her neat pony-tail and glaring at Lillian with her dark brown eyes. Tess was the most mature in the group, and possibly the prettiest. She had dark skin and long wavy black hair. Her eyes were a dark chocolate brown and long, thick eyelashes.

"Melanie!" The final girl Amy sings as she runs over and pulls me into a tight hug. I laugh and hug her back. I feel her play with my hair, she took a liking to how it felt for some reason.

Amy was probably the sweetest and most easy-going out of all of us. She could get along with anyone and is an absolute darling! She had bouncy, curly platinum blonde hair that reached just past her shoulders with bright blue eyes.

"We were looking at the sewers, we heard something about people going missing in them and came to have a look!" Amy beams excitedly while dragging me over to the entrance.

"You guys are nuts!" I grumble, not being too interested in going inside a sewer people have gone missing in.

"Can we just do something normal? Go eat ice-cream in town, get some clothes!?" Tess starts nodding her head in agreement.

Lillian scoffs and rolls her eyes, "come on! Get some fun in your life, Mel!" She grabs my other arm. "Since you were the last one here, you gotta go in first!" Lillian laughs, giving me a slight push inside.

"What!?" Tess, Amy, and Claire all yell. "Here's a torch, have a good time!" She grins, slapping a small torch into my hand and pushing me further inside.

"No way! I'm not going in here!" I bark, holding my nose closed from the vile smell.

"Lillian, stop that!" Tess yells, trying to get Lillian off me. "None of us are gonna go in there, okay? It's dangerous and stupid!" Lillian groans in annoyance, "God, you guys are so boring! There's no thrills and risks with any of you."

Tess just glares at her, "if you're so confident, why don't you go inside first?" Lillian shrugs and snatches the flashlight from me "sure, I'll do it."

Tess watches as Lillian walks further inside with shock.

"Crazy people," I hear Tess mutter to herself.

A few minutes pass and Lillian hasn't made any noise, we all wondered how far in she was.

"Guys! Help me!"

We all gasp in shock at Lillian's screams. Tess is the first one to move as she makes her way through the filthy sewer water. I quickly follow behind. Tess is the first to make it around the corner.

"Lillian, you bitch!" Tess yells Lillian's laughs were heard shortly after.

The both came walking back, Tess looking super pissed off that she was now covered in the disgusting grey water.

"Okay, your turn, Melanie," Lillian sneers, passing me the torch again and slowly pushing me inside. "Good luck!" I huff and begin making my way in, just wanting to get it over with.

I switch the torch on when it began to get dark the further I got from the entrance. I try my best to ignore the vulgar smell and feel of the water I was currently walking through.

"Are you okay, Mel?" I hear Amy's voice bounce through the sewer walls. "Yeah, I kind of want throw up, but it's somewhat bearable!" I call back to her.

A few minutes pass, and I'm quite far in now.

I look around a bit, trying to look for anything interesting. When there was nothing, I turn around and begin heading back.

"Meeelllanniiee!"

Shit.

I knew that voice and I knew it well. My legs begin working on their own and I start running through as fast as I could. A cry leaves my mouth as I feel a slimy hand take a tight grip on my leg causing me to trip over and fall fully into the sewer water. I quickly break through the surface and start gagging. I turn around and scream. There was a dead child grabbing onto my ankle.

It was groaning. Trying to pull me in. I kicked the corpse away by the face and stand. I try to run away quickly, but then I hear a hysterical laugh and I feel a gloved hand latching onto the back of my hair. Ripping me back towards IT viciously.

I feel myself get spun around. And I stare in horror into those evil yellow eyes.

"Hello, Mel!"

CLIFF HANGER I'M SORRY!

I made this chapter pretty long, it's the longest I've written so far. I hope you guys enjoy!

BTW thank you for 30+ hearts! It might not seem like much to some people, but I really appreciate it and I'm glad some people are enjoying this story ^_^

4. Chapter 4

Short panicked screams left my mouth as I stare into the face of that horrifying clown. He gives me a low, cruel chuckle, loving every bit of my terrified reaction. The hand, he used to turn me around, on my shoulder slowly travels up to my neck. He gives it a small squeeze, warning me to stay quiet.

"Shhhhhhh, we wouldn't want to alert your little friends, right?" He whispers softly in a wicked tone. In my panicked state, I keep crying out, this pisses him off. The amused smile on his face turns into a scowl.

"RIGHT!?"

I immediately stop, shocked from his very sudden outburst. As soon as I stop, the hand still gripping my hair pets me mockingly on the head. **"There's a good girl. Wasn't too hard now, was it?"**

He begins lifting me up by the neck, making me kick my legs around wildly. **"How's Michael, is he well? Traumatized yet?"** I glare at him, "you keep your disgusting hands away from my brother!" I managed to choke out. "You touch him and I'll kill you!" The clown stares at me for a second before bursting into a loud laughter.

My legs slowly reach back into the water, due to him laughing so hard he had to bend over.

"Y-You can't be serious," He snickers, wiping away tears with his free hand. **"Not very nice of you to threaten me, little Mel."** He grins maliciously. **"I'll just have to show you who's on top here, and to know your place."**

The next thing I know, I'm being dropped back into the water. I feel him grab the back of my hair again like he did before.

"Remember to hold your breath, Melanie. You're going for a little swim!" The last thing I hear is his hideous, rotten laugh before getting shoved face first into the vile grey water. I flail my arms around, trying to hit something. I manage to find the arm holding my

under the water at try attacking best that I can.

Unfortunately, he grabs my left arm and holds it outstretched, giving it a sharp tug. I scream my lungs out under the water as I feel him pull my arm muscle. He releases my arm and lets it sink back down next to me.

My lungs feel like they're on fire. I need to breathe. I struggle harder and harder.

Then finally, he pulls me out of the water. I take in a huge breath, welcoming the air into my lungs. He lets me go and stands. **"I'll see you later, Mel."**

I turn, only to see he's gone. With a sob, I pull myself to my feet and begin making my way out. As I turn the corner, I bump into Tess. "Holy shit you're okay!" She beams, pulling me into her arms. "Wait... are you okay, you look a mess, did you fall over?" She asks, becoming concerned.

"Just get me out of here," I murmur, too exhausted. She carefully leads me the way out. "Lillian!" Tess yells, still helping to hold me. "This is all your fault! I don't know what happened, but Mel is fucking traumatized!" She yells again angrily. "What happened?" Lillian asks, burning out her cigarette.

"I highly doubt you even care, Amy, Claire, let's go!" Amy grabs her bag and pulls out a towel and wraps it around me. I turn slightly to see Lillian watching us leave with a nonchalant expression. I sigh and hold onto my sore arm while Amy rushes behind me, trying to dry my hair with a small towel she had tucked into the side of her pants.

On the way, Amy and Claire head off into another direction to their houses, leaving Tess and I alone.

We finish waving them off and continue home. "So... Are we still going to hang out with Lillian?" I ask softly.

"No, she's toxic," Tess quickly replies without hesitation. I nod.

"What happened down there?" Tess asks, grabbing my sore arm, I stop and hiss in pain, quickly pulling away from her grasp.

Tess steps back "sorry! Are you okay?" I shake my head. "No, defiantly not."

Tess rubs my back, "there's this... thing that keeps attacking me." Tess tilts her head, "w-what do you mean 'thing'?"

I let out a shaky breath "a clown, he attacked my brother and me last night. He tried... Eating us" Tess stares at me in shock, probably unsure of what to say. "I-It's okay if you don't believe me, it doesn't sound very believable does it."

Tess sighs "I believe you," now it was my turn to be shocked. "R-Really?"

"Really. With children constantly disappearing constantly and nobody batting an eye, it's pretty believable. Plus I've always thought that there was something wrong with Derry."

"And besides, I've overheard kids talking about getting attacked by a clown before. Then a few days later, their missing poster will be hung up somewhere."

I smile "thanks, I think most people would call me crazy."

Tess and I walk together for a bit longer before parting ways. "I'll see you later, Mel. Maybe we could hang again tomorrow?" I give her a thumbs up. "Sure, I'll call you." She smiles and waves before spinning around and walking off.

"Hey, Mel!" I turn to see Michael running towards me, a big grin on his face until he gets near me. His little nose crinkles up and he plugs it closed with his finger. "Oh God, you stink!" I shrug, "sorry, loser, I was in the sewers. You'll just have to suffer until we get home." Michael shakes his head energetically. "No way, no way in HELL!"

Michael then proceeds to walk onto the other side of the street. "I'll walk here, you just, please, stay there!" Honestly, I wouldn't be surprised if he got on his knees and begged at this point.

We both finally arrive home, thank God!

I sprint my way into the bathroom, slamming the door shut and turning on the shower. I begin ripping my damp clothing off my body

is disgust and throw it on the side of the bathtub. I almost slip over as I rush into the shower and slapping shampoo and body wash on my hair and skin.

At that moment, I just felt at peace.

Then my eyes snap open. I look on my arm as I feel something gross and grimy.

There was a strange black liquid dripping down my skin. I cry out, very repulsed. I quickly wash it off. But then, more begins dripping onto me, the same dark goo. It was coming from the shower head. I was about to turn it off when suddenly, it turns off by itself.

Next thing I know, I'm being showered in the black gunk. I scream, trying to find my way out of the shower with my eyes closed. I manage to open the glass door and grab my towel.

"Enjoy the shower, Mely moooo?"

I freeze, gulping at that hateful voice. I go to open the door, but no surprise, it's locked.

"Melanie, are you okay?" I hear Michael call out from behind the door. I hear him try twisting the handle. "Michael" whimper, the shower head still dripping with the vile liquid.

"Now you're all squeaky clean, my dear!" He laughs out, his voice coming in through the shower head. I go to open the door again, and it finally opens. I burst out, bumping into Michael as I clutch the towel around my body. "Holy shit!" Michael blurts, seeing me covered in black gooey liquid.

"It was that fucking clown again!" I wail. "He attacked me earlier in the sewer! That's why I was all wet!" Michael goes into the bathroom. "Well, whatever you're covered in, there's none in here." I look back inside, he was right.

The bathroom was completely clean. Michael turns the shower on. The water was normal again.

"I'll stand by the door, keep it unlocked if anything happens just yell."

He smiles comfortingly, patting my back. I nod and smile back.

My brother is the biggest sweetheart. Annoying at times, but still sweet.

I need to protect him as much as I can. The same way he is protecting me.

Michael's a cutie patootie!

5. Chapter 5

Later that night, my brother and I are sitting on the lounge room again. The two of us still felt unsafe sleeping in my bedroom. Sleeping in here was better, mostly because there weren't any doors Pennywise could lock. We could make an escape easier.

"You wanna sleep now?" I ask, seeing my brother half falling asleep. "Yeah, could you turn the TV off?" I pull away the blankets and head over to the TV, switching it off before getting back under the cozy blankets.

"Goodnight," I mumble, laying down into the soft pillow. My brother softly mumbles back a goodnight.

I grab my necklace, the cross charm. I give it a soft kiss. "Night, mum." I close my eyes and sleep.

My eyes slowly creak open.

Knock

Knock

knock

I sit up quickly, hearing a thudding noise down the hallway. My heartbeat speeds up in fear. My mind instantly drifts to Pennywise. No way was I going to move.

"Melanie?" That voice. Oh God.

My eyes widen, I get up from the couch and walk towards the hallway. "M-Mum?" I whisper softly with a stutter. It's like my feet are moving on their own as I stare straight down the hallway. There she is.

I see her figure, the light's flicker softly, showing her in the dull light. That warm smile I loved so much is on her face. I can already feel that lump in my throat, choking me up, "M-Mu-u-m."

She slowly opens her arms widely, "Come here, sweetness, come give mummy a hug."

Sweetness. She always called me that, I missed it so much. I missed her, and there she was standing right there.

'DON'T!' I hear a voice in the back of my head yell. *'DON'T TRUST IT!'*

I run to her. Not a single care in the world, even if this whole thing was a dream, at least I was able to see her again.

I wrap my arms around her tightly, holding onto her and planning on never letting go. She wraps her arms back around me, slowly combing her long fingers through my hair and humming a sweet tune.

"I-I missed you, mum." I whisper, tightening my arms around her. The tears are already building in my eyes, slowly trailing down my pale face and dripping off my chin. "I missed you too, sweetness."

We both stand there, holding onto each other for seems like ages.

Then she suddenly squeezes me harder, "you could come with me, you know," I look up at her, she stares down at me with a big smile, her soft brown eyes staring down into mine. "W-What do you mean?" I ask softly, leaning the side of my face back into her chest. "It's a beautiful place down there, you're welcome anytime."

I squint my eyes and look back up at her. "D-Down?" I whisper, doesn't she mean... up there?

"We all float down there, sweetness. You could come float with us." My blood freezes. No way. I begin trying to rip myself away from her. Her eyes start flashing that sick, twisted yellow.

I hear her bones cracking as her body morphs, growing taller, lankier. Her petite fingers growing large with torn up gloves.

"We all float down there, we all float down there, **we all float down there, WE ALL FLOAT DOWN THERE!**"

Her once kind and gentle voice becomes deep and demonic, screeching evilly.

Now I was staring up at *him*.

Pennywise.

He gives me his classic grin, showing off his razor sharp teeth and letting his sticky, thick saliva fall onto me. I try shoving my away as he still held me in a hug position. **"Aweee, no huggie wuggie for Pennywise?"** He fake pouts. "Get the hell away from me!" I scream, punching my fists against his stomach. This only causes him to chuckle.

"Goodness you're adorable!" He gushes, picking me up and spinning me around. Mocking me again, obviously.

"Let go!" I yell again, becoming more and more frustrated with him. He finally sets me down, but then pins me by the wall, hand wrapped around my neck.

"You know, I thought about it for a while. And there was something I learned about you." The clowns says. **"You play lot's of sport. Therefore, you would contain quite a bit of muscle,"** he explains, wrapping his free hand around my right arm. **"Tense your arm, dearie!"** He asks.

I do so and he bounces on his toes energetically. **"Aha! There it is, muscle!"**

"What's the point you're trying to make here?" He raises a brow. **"My point is, your flesh may not taste as good as... someone else's..."** He smirks unpleasantly. **"I believe that your brothers flesh would be much softer, far more tender"** he growls hungrily. My eyes widen. He better fucking not!

"Don't you dare touch him!" I yell, once again trying to wrestle myself away from him. **"You gonna threaten me again like earlier?"** He gasps, pretending to be scared. I glare at him before looking at the ground, thinking about the form he took a few minutes ago.

"How could you do that?" I whisper shakily, already feeling my eyes burn. **"Hm?"** He hums softly, giving me a small shake. I feel his grip on my neck loosen before slipping to my shoulder.

"How dare you pretend to be my mother... You fucking bastard!" I

scream, swinging my fist up and feeling it connect with the clown's jaw. I smack his hand on my shoulder away and run toward the lounge room. "Michael, wake up!" I yell, entering the room. But then I bump into him, he was already awake.

"Melanie, is the clown back, I heard you screaming?" I nod and grab his arm, bringing him toward the front door.

Then we both heard an enraged scream from down the hall.

I practically rip the door open and begin running, holding onto Michael on the way. I turn back toward the house, the front door was wide open, but the clown wasn't there.

"Melanie, stop!" Michael screams, I look in front only for my face to connect and smack into a chest. I clumsily stumble back, Michael try to help me up keep balanced. In front of us was Pennywise. He looked furious.

He stretches his hand out and grabs the front of my shirt, pulling me toward him and leaning down close to my face. "Get away from her!" Michael yells, picking up a random tree branch and holding it up threateningly.

"You try attacking me in any way, I'll kill her, immediately," he growls. Michael backs down a bit, still holding the tree branch.

Pennywise turns his attention back to me, glaring deep into my eyes with his bright yellow ones. **"You're really beginning to aggravate me, sweetness!"** He snarls aggressively, making me cringe as he used the word 'sweetness.' He smirks at my reaction.

"You're a very violent girl, tsk tsk," He smirks.

"Say's the child killer!" I yell back.

He just stares at me for a bit. His amber eyes slowly trail down to my chest, at first I felt like slapping him. But then I realized his attention was on my necklace.

With a hum, he gently holds onto the cross charm, staring at it. **"A gift from your mother, that's cute."**

A gasp emits from my mouth as he takes a full grip on my necklace,

tearing it away from my neck. Everything seemed to slow down as I watch the small chains being pulled away, all crooked and bent from being torn apart. "No!"

"You're such a little troublemaker, aren't you?" I spit at him in anger. "Give it back, you fucker! Give it back!" I scream, thrashing around, only making him lift me up higher. He sighs, rolling his eyes before throwing me onto the ground.

"Cheerio!" He snickers, holding my broken necklace up before disappearing.

I feel the tears run down my face for what felt like the hundredth time. "N-no," I choke out, clenching my fists in rage and sadness.

First he pretends to be my deceased mother, and then he takes the last gift she ever gave me.

Michael wraps his arms around me, holding me close to him. I hold onto his arms, burying my face in them.

Mother...

Pennywise is an asshole, writing this chapter actually made me angry to be honest :(

Anyway, thank you guys for reading, I hope you all enjoyed this chapter, despite it being pretty upsetting.

6. Chapter 6

The next morning I was an absolute *mess*.

My usually vibrant, soft, dirty-blond hair was tangled with knots, my big eyes were droopy, puffy and red from crying. I studied my neck, noticing the dark hand prints from all the times he picked me up or pinned me by the neck. The gashes on my cheek were still healing, but they started getting scabbed over. I scowl at it and quickly apply some makeup on it, trying my best to hide it.

I sigh, looking down at my left arm, it wasn't feeling too much better. I feel a shiver on my skin as I remember how bad it hurt when **he** pulled the muscle. Something was missing. My necklace, I wore it everywhere, but now it's gone. All because of that fucking clown!

Last night, our dad arrived home late and found my brother and I crying on the sidewalk and called the police. We told them everything, but they didn't look convinced. I even heard one of them mutter "troublesome kids," before leaving. I really felt like giving that shithead a piece of my mind.

Our dad believed us, thankfully. He even slept with us in the lounge room and kept the baseball bat with him just in case anything were to happen.

I continue staring at myself in the mirror, hating the reflection with a burning passion.

"I need a shower," I mutter to myself. But when I turned to look at the shower head, I felt sick. "Maybe a bath instead," I mutter again, thinking about that horrific black slime. I still don't know what the hell it was!

"Michael, I need to see Tess, eat quicker!" I call out to Michael as he stuffed his gob with cereal. "Wait a second!"

I wanted to see Tess and tell her about what happened last night.

After Michael was done we head off to Tess's house, Michael trailing behind me, probably bored out of his mind.

We turn the corner and I feel my stomach drop.

There were multiple police cars gathered around her house. "Shit," I curse out before sprinting down. I look from behind their fence and see multiple police officers next to Tess and her parents. She looks up at me, her eyes swollen, red with tears. She sees me, her mouth opens slightly and she gets up to run to me. Her parents were about to pull her back, but decided on letting her go when they saw me.

"Tess, my God what happened?" I ask, placing my hand on her shoulder as she approaches me. "I-It's Sabrina, s-s-she. Oh God!" Tess cried out, not being able to finish her sentence. I swiftly hop over the fence, "Tess, what happened to Sabrina?" I ask, holding her shoulders as she sobbed. Sabrina is Tess's younger sister, only nine.

"S-She's gone, Melanie, she's gone missing!" I feel a hard pang in my chest, my stomach twists in disbelief.

Pennywise...

I stand there staring at Tess, completely unsure of what to say or do. "What time did she go missing?" I ask suddenly.

"Last night sometime or very early in the morning before anyone else was up, b-because s-s-she was here last night b-but this morning she was gone."

I frown and look down, Pennywise wasn't covered in blood last night when he was at my place. That gives a few options over what happened.

a) Pennywise took Sabrina earlier yesterday, got cleaned up and then came to see Michael and I

b) Pennywise took Sabrina to the sewers and left her there and then came to my place

c) Pennywise took Sabrina after visiting Michael and I

I snap back into reality as I feel Tess hug me, sobbing even harder. I wrap my arms back around her tightly. "Don't worry, Tess. We're gonna find her." I whisper. I feel her nod as she tightens the hug.

After the small talk with Tess, Michael and I had left. We noticed some of the police stare at us as we went. I recognized some of them

from last night, mostly the one who called us troublesome. I really felt like flipping him off.

We go into town, somehow managing to avoid Henry, who we spotted walking down the street.

"You fucking liar! Where's the gift!?" I hear a familiar voice call out from behind me, I spin around with a crooked grin, seeing Richie and the rest of the Loser's Club approaching us. "Sorry guys, I didn't make the desserts yet. Some, uh, stuff happened."

"Michael, I haven't seen you in a while!" Eddie beams, going to talk to him.

Richie squints his eyes and snickers. "Don't worry about it."
"Where are you guys going?" Ben asks, stepping forward with a smile. "I actually wanted to find you guys, there's something I gotta ask," I say somewhat nervously. "Is s-something wrong?" Bill asks in concern. I nod "have any of you... seen a clown at some point?"

I watch as their faces go pale. Eddie gulps, "yeah... I saw him." I look over at the rest of them and watch most of them slowly nod. "I'm guessing you saw him too?" Bev says.

"Yeah, on multiple occasions. He did this, this and this to us" I say, pointing at the injuries he gave Michael and I.

"Christ, it went really rough on you guys," Bev adds, holding my arm up to examine it. "Yeah, we don't know what to do," I reply.

"We could all catch up sometime and think all this through," Mike suggest, stepping forward to look at my injuries with Beverly. "Yeah, we n-n-need to figure out w-what is going on here," Bill grins, patting my shoulder. "I always thought there was something wrong with Derry, my grandpa thinks it's cursed," Mike speaks up again.

I nod, "it's a pretty bad situation, like honestly, look at the amount of kids that go missing" I look back over to Mike.

"We should all defiantly meet up sometime and think this through," I agree.

"Sounds like a plan!"

The sun shines down onto me as I walked down the footpath, Michael went with the Loser's Club, I decided to go looking for Claire and Amy. I don't think Lillian would be hanging out with us anymore and Tess is going through some rough times.

I was really hoping to not run into Lillian, that would be awkward. A grin makes it's way onto my face as I spot Claire, she was searching around wildly for something. "Claire!" I call to her, running down toward her. She looks up and sprints at me.

"Oh my goodness Mello!" She cries out, running to me for dear life and almost knocking me over when she grabbed onto me. "Whoa, whoa, Claire what's wrong?" I ask, trying to regain my balance and hold onto her shoulder.

"Nothing, I'm just so freaked out about... you know, Tess's sister" I look down, feeling a weird twist in my chest. "Yeah, it's horrible."

Claire then continues down the street, motioning for me to follow, "Tess asked me if we could do a little search party somewhere, could you help us?" I nod frantically, "of course I'll help."

She smiles brightly, but then her eyes become worried as they travel down to my neck, "what happened here?" She asks, lifting up my chin to look at the dark hand marks on my skin. "Also, where's your necklace?"

"You never go anywhere without it."

I sigh, thinking about the events last night. Oh God, now I feel like crying again.

Claire shook my shoulders to get my attention, "was it Henry Bowers? I know he's been harassing you and if he's done something to you we should tell the police!" I softly pry Claire's hands off me, "nah, nah, nah! It's all okay, don't worry, let's just get Amy." She gave me one last anxious look, but she didn't push it any further, knowing what I'm like if I get angry.

I jolt as I hear a small squeak leave Claire's mouth, I turn and see Amy giggling. Claire spins around, making Amy let go of her, she raises her hand threateningly, annoyed in at the way Amy was always

scaring her. "You better stop that, Amy!"

"Hey!" I greet the curly haired girl, wrapping an arm around her shoulders and cuddling her. "Hiii!" She grins cheerfully, hugging me around the waist. "Have you guys seen Lillian?" I ask, they both shake their heads.

"I don't think she's too interested in hanging with us," Amy mumbles, releasing her arms from around me.

Claire was about to speak up, until another voice joined in.

"Well, that's bullshit!"

We all turn to see Lillian walking toward us, chucking her cigarette onto the ground and squashing it. "Lillian, hey," I greet awkwardly. She smirks and slings her arms over Claire and I. "Hey!" She keeps her eyes on me, her happy expression going sad.

"Mel, I just wanted to, uh, apologize... you know, about the whole sewer thing."

I give a slight nod, avoiding her gaze. "Don't worry about it, let's just move on," I say, trying out my best fake smile. Truth is, I was still a bit pissed with her. But at the same time, I hate drama, so I didn't want to try starting anything.

She nods, a big smile reappearing on her face. I do think at heart, Lillian is a good person, she can just be a bit of an asshole sometimes.

"So, what are you guys doing now?" She asks, shoving both her hands into the pocket of her baggy jeans. "We were planning some stuff," Claire starts, "Tess's sister went missing, so we're going to have a little search party."

Lillian's smile drops and she tilts her head "are you fucking serious, Sabrina's missing?" She asks, very shocked.

The three of us nod, "we're going to need as much help as possible, so please help us!" Claire begs, falling onto the raven haired girl and leaning on her. "I'm ready to help, when are we gonna go?"

"We are going to ask Tess to come, is that okay with you?" Lillian nods, not really caring if Tess was there or not.

"Her sister's more important than some dumb argument we had," I smiled at that.

"Okay, Amy and I will go get Tess, and then at 4:00 we'll all meet back here" Claire says. We all nod in agreement. "We should also get better clothing, just in case we gotta go into certain areas to search," I suggest. Lillian snickers, "that's easy for you, Amy and I to say, what's Christian girl here gonna wear?" Lillian snorts, referring to Claire as the 'Christian girl.' Claire's mouth hangs wide open in offense.

It was kinda true though. Claire was usually only allowed to wear very proper looking clothing, like a buttoned up white shirt with a knee-length skirt and leggings. Her hair was always neat and she wasn't ever allowed to wear anything her parents thought was 'suggestive.' Hell, her parents thought a simple pair of shorts was inappropriate!

"I'll give her some clothes she can wear, then she'll change at my house so her parents don't see her," Amy pipes in, hopping over to Claire, who still looked quite offended.

I clasp my hands together with a loud clap, "then it's settled, I'll see you all at 4:00!" We all nod in agreement, and say our goodbyes.

Little did I know, our search party was going to be pure *horror*.

7. Chapter 7

"We all ready?" I ask, testing out my torch and swinging my metal softball bat. We were all here, geared up and ready to search. We all had a bit of a laugh at poor Claire, she was wearing baggy jeans, a tight, v-neck shirt and tough boots. Something she had never worn before.

I was wearing a pair of slightly baggy army styled pants with thick lace up boots, with it was a tight long sleeved top with gloves.

Lillian wore her usual clothing, not really needing to change anything. She just wore a hoodie, that was probably a few sizes too small, with knee high sneakers, finger-less gloves and a bandanna.

Amy wore some dark blue overalls with a black shirt underneath and black sneakers.

Tess had a baggy grey shirt, long gloves and boots, her hair was tied up into a high pony-tail.

We all carried some weapons, we knew we were going to be out late searching. So just in case we run into a bad group of people, or **worse**, we could defend ourselves.

"Yep, let's go!" Tess announces, beginning to march forward. "We'll go into town and look in alleyways and such. If we find nothing let's all meet back here and we'll search in there," Tess finishes and points towards the other side of the lonesome road into the woods.

I hear Claire gulp next to me and does the 'father, son and Holy Spirit' on her forehead, chest and shoulders.'

"So we all meet back here by 6:00pm?"

"Yes, then we go in there, if we find nothing we all go back to my place and we'll sneak out early to look more."

"Sounds good to me."

We all nod to each other, Amy and Tess head off together while Claire, Lillian and I head off in the other direction.

"Look at you, Claire! All dolled up and ready to rumble!" Lillian snickers, slinging her arm over Claire's shoulder as Claire huffed in protest. "Ugh, if my parents see me wearing this stuff I'm dead, they'll make me pray for forgiveness everyday throughout the next month!"

Okay, now she was just exaggerating a bit. While her parents are strict with her being a 'pure, innocent being' they defiantly wouldn't make her do that.

"It is quite odd seeing you like this, wish I had a camera with me," I say with a cheeky grin. She frowns in annoyance and huffs again. "Hey! For the love of God both of you get serious, we're here to look for Sabrina, not constantly making fun of me and my crazy Christian parents!"

"You're right, let's get going."

Hours passed, and we were unsuccessful in finding Sabrina.

We looked everywhere we could, there was no sign at all.

Lillian, Claire and I all sat on the sidewalk where we all planned to meet at again. I sigh and look up, spotting Amy and Tess walking toward us. I get a good look at Tess, she had been crying, it was obvious.

I knew we weren't going to find her.

Lillian gets up and pulls Tess into a hug, it was good to see them getting along. After what happened

"Don't worry, Tess, we'll find Sabrina, I'll make sure of it" I hear her whisper comfortingly. Somewhere, deep down I wanted to tell Tess we wouldn't find Sabrina, but I couldn't do that, that would hurt her beyond anything.

I pull my gloves up a bit and stand, "so, is it time to go in there?" I ask, pointing my index finger toward the eerie woods.

Tess nods softly, inhaling with a shaky breath. "Yep, come on, guys."

"Where are you girls off to?"

Oh for fucks sake!

I spin around to see fucking Henry Bowers, Victor and Belch. Patrick seemed missing for some reason.

"Oh great! Now we got these dickheads to harass us!" I scowl, glaring at Bowers, hating that stupid grin he wore.

He clasps his hands together with a loud clap before rubbing them menacingly. "We've got five pretty little ladies here, don't we boys?"

Lillian steps forward, "yeah, exactly. There's five of us and three of you. Touch any of us and we'll kick your asses, fucking pricks!"

He glares at Lillian, taking out something from his pocket while still locking eyes with her. I furrow my brows as I see him pull out a pocket knife. "We'll see about that."

Claire steps forward, "get lost Bowers, you ugly mophead!" He just snickers at her.

"What was that, you Bible-Basher?"

"You heard me!"

Amy frowns and gives Henry an aggressive forearm jerk, "leave her alone, you jerk, go get a haircut!"

"Get out of here, Bowers, we're busy," I snap, tightening the grip on my bat. His eyes become full of anger as his eyes land on me, "no way, I got a bone to pick with you, girly." I pout and tilt my head.

"Awe, was it because I punched you? You poor thing! You can dish out the punches but you can't take one from some small, weak little girl?" I retorted sarcastically. He shakes his head and full on charges at me, "you're fucking dead!"

I take a stance, bringing my bat back, waiting for him to get closer. I watch him lift his blade, my eyes travel to his head, if I got him in the right spot at the right time I could easily stun him or knock him out.

I feel someone take a grip on my shoulder to try pulling me away, but I quickly pull back. Someone had to teach this guy a lesson.

He inches closer and closer until he's at a perfect distance.

Now!

I swing my bat hard, I hear his friends call out after him, trying to talk him into stopping. I see the visible look of confusion in his eyes just before I felt my bat smack into the side of his head, sending him stumbling to the side, his knife barely grazing my face. I pull my bat back, pulling it behind me and getting ready for another swing if he's still up.

He screams loudly, so loud I cringe and step back. My eyes look over to his head, there was blood slowly dripping down his hand and I feel my stomach drop. Shit.

I was so dead, his dad is a fucking cop!

He was still on the ground yelling his lungs out in absolute agony, while I watch in horror. Was I always this violent? I guess the clown was right.

"Don't feel bad, Mel," I hear Lillian speak up from next to me. "This pussy deserves every bit of pain he gets, don't feel bad for him, feel bad for all those poor kids he beat the shit out of."

I nod, looking up to see his friends staring from him to me. I sigh before turning and walking off, my friends slowly following behind me.

"You're right," I say, looking back at Lillian who gave me a proud grin and thumbs up. "He picks on my brother all the time, he deserved it."

I look at Tess, who looked shocked at what I did. "Let's find Sabrina." That brings a small smile back to her face.

We all head into the forest after easily climbing over the white wooden fencing. "Careful, guys, it's steep so try hanging onto the tree's." Tess advises, letting out a small squeak when she almost slipped.

Somehow we managed to get down the hill and begin walking through. Thanks to daylight savings, we didn't need our flashlights

just yet.

"Sabrina!" Tess calls out, all of us soon joining in. We all went into different directions to search, but still staying close and in the same area.

Although I called out, I kept hearing that small, annoying voice in the back of my head.

'she's not coming back, no matter how hard you look.'

Maybe... I should just tell Tessa, it would be better to tell her than let her live with the false belief that her sister is alive. Right?

I was caught out of my thoughts when I heard a voice call out in the distance.

"Tess!"

We all look in the same direction, Tess had a huge smile on her face. "That is Sabrina's voice!"

She then takes off into a full sprint, we all followed behind her, dodging the various rocks and tree branches in the way.

Sabrina's soft voice continues calling out, luring us further into the woods as the sun went down more and more.

Our dirty boots splash through the shallow water of the river, the place was so familiar, I already knew where we were heading to.

Very soon we ended up in front of the sewer entrance, we all inhale and exhale deeply in order to catch our breath.

We hear one last call from Sabrina's voice.

Tess wastes no time, she switches her torch on and wanders off inside through the slimy water. I hastily pull my pants up above my knees, not wanting to get them wet.

Our cold legs march through the sewer, splashing around in the grey water, touching various things that I didn't even want to think about. I could hear Claire groaning in disgust, Amy laughing at her.

"Shut up, both of you!" Tess snaps, before turning forward again. The pair did so and continued forward.

"Are you sure she's in here?" Lillian asks, sticking pieces of bubble gum on the wall so we knew the way back.

"Yes, I'm certain I heard her voice coming from in here,"

"But what if-"

"Don't question me, Lillian, I heard it, I'm not crazy!"

Lillian closes her mouth, not wanting to piss Tess off any further.

"Tess, help me!"

She tenses at the sound of Sabrina's voice before rushing forward, following the echoes that bounced off the filthy walls.

"Wait, Tess, slow down!" I call to her, remembering what happened the last time I was in here.

I was getting worried, we were heading deeper and deeper into the tunnels of the sewer system, the one thing on my mind was what if we got lost? Just imagine being trapped in a dark hole forever, not knowing what way is the way out.

I shuddered in fright at the creepy thought.

After what felt like hours, we turn a corner and see a small figure, Tess shines her light on it and gasps.

It was Sabrina, her face was stained with tears and her clothes were torn as she held a small teddy bear close to her chest.

"T-Tess?" She stutters in disbelief. Tess nods and begins walking forward, until I grab her arm.

"Don't" I say strictly, I knew this trick and I knew it well. It was played on me.

"What are you doing, Mel?" Tess barks, try to pry herself away from me.

"That's not Sabrina," I explain, she just looks at me as if I was insane.

"Yes it is! She's standing right in front of us, Mel, Let go!" I stuff my torch into my pocket and drop my bat to grab onto her other arm

with my free hand. I couldn't let her get near that *thing*.

"Tess, listen to me! That's not your sister, remember what we were talking about? The clown and the children going missing?" She glares at me, not giving any care to what I had to say.

"Let me go, now" She warns threateningly. I watch her free hand tense up.

"No."

"Mel, what's gotten into you? Let her go!" I hear Lillian argue from behind, grabbing my shoulder to pull me away. "No! None of you understand that's not Sabrina!" I yell, holding onto Tess's arm for dear life.

"Mel, just let her go, Sabrina's here, we can go home!" Claire spat.

I could practically feel everyone getting mad at me. Don't they understand I'm trying to save them!?

"That's not her, Tess!" I yell again, as Lillian tries pulling me away.

I look over at the little girl, watching her flash me an evil grin before going back to sobbing.

"You're making her cry, Mel, you fucking let go of me now!" Tess was full on screaming now. Everyone was, except for Amy, who clutched her torch near her chest and watched hopelessly.

A squeak leaves my mouth as I feel a sharp, stinging pain across my face.

I instantly knew Tess slapped me. "Fuck sakes, Mel, what's wrong with you!?" Tess yells.

"You're horrible, my God! If I knew you were gonna do this bullshit I wouldn't have brought you along!"

I feel Lillian shove me back, huffing angrily as Amy catches me and tries helping to balance me.

Tess turns back to '*Sabrina*' and kneels in front of her. "Don't worry, Sabrina, everything will be okay, we're going home now."

I feel my cheek burn painfully, all I wanted to do was grab everyone

and run. But they won't listen.

"Please, Tess, don't" I beg, as Amy hangs onto me nervously.

Tess ignores me and wraps her arms around Sabrina lovingly.
Oh God.

We all sit there for a moment, watching the scene before us.

"Lillian, what time is it?" Tess asks, not turning to look at her and still hugging Sabrina.

She quickly digs around in her pockets for a watch.

Then, we all turn to Sabrina, she began giggling madly, causing Tess to lean back and look at her in confusion.

"I know what time it is, Tess," she whispers, grinning evilly and going wide-eyes. Tess looks at her and frowns slightly.

"W-What is it?"

"Dinner Time!"

We watch in pure horror as Sabrina's eyes roll back and her jaw rips open, revealing rows upon rows of sharp, yellow teeth. She snaps down onto Tess's neck, digging her razor sharp teeth into her flesh, deeper and deeper. Tess screamed in agony, feeling her skin and flesh being torn open and all we could do was watch.

My jaw is wide open as tears build in my eyes.

It stops digging into her for a moment, but then rips it's head away, tearing away a huge chunk of meat from her neck. I gag in response at seeing the blood and veins gushing out everywhere.

Tess goes limp, falling into the water and my eyes watch in horror as her corpse lays there. The monster, however, looks amused and swallows the chunk whole.

It then turns it's eyes to us hungrily, licking it's lips as it slowly begins to change back into it's usual clown form

"You're all next!"